

A Western Son-in-Law.

One of the Prairie Valley cowboys had fallen in love with Reuben's daughter, and when he learned that his love was reciprocated he decided to call on her father and secure his consent to their marriage. He found Reuben in the Palace Saloon, and promptly stated his errand.

"Are ye a man of good reputation around here?" asked the father in reply, as he looked the young fellow over critically.



"Y—us, my reputation's purty far, sir."

"How many gooloots hev you loked in this town doorn the last month?"

"Bout seventeen, sir, but I was laid up with ager two weeks of that time."

"Kin you down a grizzly bar in a hand-to-hand fight, and do you sit drunk every day?" were the next questions put to the cowboy lover.

"I've got the sand to face a grizzly, and I'm alk mers or less drunk."

"When a stage coach has bin held up, is it ginorally considered that you had a hand in it?"

"Oh, yes," was the off-hand reply, "everyone around here knows I sort o' mis in whar there's any tin gals on."

"How many times has the Sheriff waltzed up to you?"

"Twice, I believe, but he let go both times."

"Well," remarked Reuben after a few moments' thought, "it seems you are all right, but I'll have to ask you one more question. What's the general reputation of your family?"

"Purty close to A. I, sir," was the ready reply, "but they haint livin' around here just now. The ole man was hung fur horse stealin' two y'ars ago, and the ole woman soon arter married an Injun and moved away."

"That's all right then, my boy," said Reuben, as he stood up and held out both hands to his future son-in-law. "You've got a bang-up good reputation, and I'll be mighty proud to hev you a member of my family. 'Scuse me, fur askin' so many questions, but you know out yere a father must look arter his daughter's walfare, an' see that she marries a gentleman we kin all respect an' feel proud of."

The Woman of It.

I stood beneath the mistletoe
Last evening at the ball,
It happened so—I did not mean
To do the thing at all.

Kit May was there, and so was Jack—
The man that I adore—
And Kit and I were called the belles
Of all upon the floor.

I saw the others standing there
Beneath that mystic spray,
But I was quite too modest—
I would have turned away.

But Jack came up to Kit and me—
His eyes were strangely bright,
And quick as flash Kit went and stood
Beneath those berries white.

He kissed her and some words he said—
Of course I could not hear,
But I was so indignant that
I went a bit too near.

The moment that I passed beneath
That posh of emerald hue,
He kissed me, too, and whispered low:
"Dear, Nell, I love but you."

So now, although his tender words
Were pleasant, I admit,
I won't be happy till I know—
What 'twas he said to Kit!

Worth Celebrating.

SUBBIDS—Hoopay! Hoopay! Let's have nozer.
TOWNEY—Why, what's the matter, Subbids?
You've got an awful jag on.
SUBBIDS—Don't care, Hoopay! Cook's goin' to stay!

A REMINDER.



LEWY—Why do you keep your mother-in-law's ashes so near your desk in the library?

LEWY—You don't suppose I want to forget she's dead and think she's just gone on a visit, do you?

Cooking Gave Her a Cold.

"What an awful cold you have, to be sure," remarked the girl in the fur cape, as she shyly glanced at her watch.

"Indeed, it is awful," wheezed her hostess, "and precious little sympathy I get from my husband, too!"

"Been wearing a low-necked gown or going out without overshoes—which?" queried the girl in the fur cape, beginning to look interested.

"Neither. That is, not exactly. It was this way: The servant girl went out as usual on Thursday afternoon, and I decided to make a cake. You see, she does not like to have me in the kitchen while she is there, because I can't help using a great many words."

"I like to see a woman who prefers to make the cake herself, rather than clean the kitchen after me, but it is one of my principles that a housekeeper should share the servant's work, so I insist on doing occasionally. Don't you think I'm right?"

"Oh, quite. And is that the way you caught such a cold?" asked the visitor, concealing a yawn.

"Not exactly. Just as I got my cake in the oven Josephine came to call. It was just like her, too. She had said that she was coming, and I had made Norah wear a clean cap and gown every afternoon during the week in order to look nice when she went to the door."

"And, of course, she chose the one afternoon on which Norah was out?"

"Of course. I believe she did it on purpose. She brags so about her two servants. Humph, I'd hate to keep two if my husband was as hard to please as hers is."

"Oh, well, her husband has so much money that—"

"That he thinks he can afford to be disagreeable! Perhaps so. I pretended that I had seen her coming and ran to meet her from sheer delight. I didn't want her to know that I had no one to open the door. She had risen to go when she sniffed—you know how Josephine sniffs—and said she smelt something burning."

"Oh, goodness! It must have been your cake!"

"It was. I had smelt it myself for five minutes, but I didn't want her to know that I was baking. I said carelessly, 'Oh, I thought not, as I had a very good cook.'"

"And did she stay long after that?"

"No; she left immediately. And I meant to run right back to my cake, but I felt that I just must get a good look at the back of her gown. So I stepped out on the front stoop when she had gone too far to hear me. Just then—"

"She looked back and caught you!"

"No; worse. A sudden gust of wind blew the door shut behind me. It has a patent fastening and was secure in an instant, and there I was shut out of the house in slippers and house gown, and with my key on the left hand corner of the parlor mantel, where I always keep it!"

"Gracious! What on earth did you do?"

"Do? I shook the door like a maniac, reached over and tried the window frantically, though I knew I had locked them all after Norah went out. Then I ran around the house and rattled the back door and windows all in vain!"

"Mercy, and your cake?"

"Was burning to a crisp. The odor that came through the keyhole was enough to summon the Fire Department!"

"Had none of your neighbors a key that would fit?"

"It wouldn't have done me any good if they had. I don't know a soul within six blocks. I tell you, I was almost crazy!"

"Why didn't you send for your husband?"

"Because I don't allow him to carry a latch key if I know it! Besides, we have been five years married. I gave up sending for him when anything went wrong within the first twelvemonth. No; I took refuge in the drug store at the corner and watched through the window for Norah to come home."

"Mercy! How long were you there?"

"Three hours, my dear. She never gets home before half past five. When I saw her coming down the street I thought I should die of joy—I was so afraid my husband would get there first!"

"No wonder you were thankful. A man never—"

"I know; he expects everybody to be perfect except himself. But, oh, Theresa, my husband had been home over two hours! He let himself in with a latch key, the excitement of which I never suspected. With him was a man from Boston, whose wife is a notable housekeeper, and who was an early admirer of myself! They had come around the other side of the block and—"

"You don't say so! And your cake?"

"Was cinders, my dear. All of the doors and windows were open to let the odor out. The things my husband said have created a coolness between us ever since! As for Norah, she gave warning as soon as she got her breath!"

Miss Backbay.

All common words to her are shocking
And make her reddish like the rose;
While other girls hang up their stocking
The Boston maid suspends her hose.

The Pen Does the Work.

"The pen—"

General Weyler spoke while he adjusted the point of his fountain pen and removed a hair from between its tanks.

"While shaking the instrument to induce the ink to flow, he continued:

"Is mightier than the—"

The warrior paused and a shudder heaved his frame. The word he was about to utter called up a vision that was not pleasant. Clenching his store teeth he blurted out the awful noun:

"Sword."

It was true. He was just finishing a report for the press in which he had killed thirty-two thousand insurgents—a great and bloodless victory.

"And besides," he added, "it does not muss one's clothes."

A Binding Oath.

"Do you," said Maria, "other day, 'In earnest, love me as you may. Or are those tender words applied alike to fifty girls beside?'"

"Dear, cruel girl!" cried I, "forbear! For by those eyes—those lips—I swear!"

She stopped me as the oath I took. And cried, "You've sworn, now kiss the oath."

Very Well Fixed.

HAM—What position would you think Joe Jefferson occupied in the theatrical firmament?

PATTER—I should call him a "fixed" star.



Woman's Crowning Glory.

YOU may sing in praise of woman, from her head unto her feet:
You may say she is a vision that is more than passing sweet;
You may speak of her attractions, her allurements and her whims,
And the sunshine of her graces that no shadow ever dims;
But you fondly must acknowledge while your soul in triumph crows,
That a woman's crowning glory is her bargain counter nose.

Just observe her in the morning when the paper up she takes,
When she sugars all the nibbels and puts mustard on the nibbels;
Through her rapid preoccupation of her reading all aglow,
Of the sacrificial shirt waist and the bonnet, don't you know,
And it's certain by the glances she upon the sheet bestows,
That a woman's crowning glory is her bargain counter nose.

There's a gleam of exaltation in her wild dilated orbs,
When she conjures up the beauties of the "ads" that she absorbs;
She's delicious with rapture to her inner soul, and that's
A kaleidoscope of stockings and a holocaust of hats,
And with symphonies of ribbons all her spirit overflows,
For a woman's crowning glory is her bargain counter nose.

You may rave about her presence and her carriage so superb;
You may say that like a butterfly she drifts from curb to curb,
You may marvel at her counsel and her influence so sweet,
And the light and airy music of the patter of her feet,
But you'll have to still acknowledge, though in action or repose,
That a woman's crowning glory is her bargain counter nose.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

His Journey Deferred.

ODOROUS OLIVER—Has Stale Sam gone South yet? He said he was gettin' ready wen I saw him last.

MOULDY MIKE—No, he hasn't started yet. Ye see, he walks in his sleep so as not to know he's walking, an' lately he has been arterin' with insomnia.

A Green Hand.

PASSENGER (pointing)—That motorman came within a hair's breadth of running down a woman to-day, but missed her.

TROLLEY SUPERINTENDENT—Missed her, eh? That fellow's no good. He's a new man.

A Phrase Defined.

"What is meant by 'carrying coals to Newcastle?'"

"Taking a baby carriage to Brooklyn."

THE DEAR HORRID MAN



STELLA—He has the manners of a bear.

ELLA—Puts both arms around you, does he?

"By the way," called the manager to the disappearing dramatist, "where does your backer live?"

"In New Orleans!" cried the genius over his shoulder.

A Genius of the Footlights.

The manager was seated in his easy chair cutting coupons with a sausage-clopper. It was his busy day.

There came a great uproar in the hallway, and instantly without warning, bursting the formidable trocha which hedged "the divinity" of this foremost theatrical manager of the metropolis, all but sloughing the body-guard's noble advance, a wild-eyed



and stringy dressed play-wright, redolent of genius and pomfritum in equally large quantities, thrust himself unannounced upon the sovereign prerogative. "Go to!" he cried.

"That's exactly what I was going to say to you," responded the manager, "though etiquette forbids me to mention where?"

"I have here the most wonderful play ever written upon American soil—"

"Indeed," said the manager, "it looks as if it had been written upon paper once and accumulated the soil afterward."

"Listen to me, sir," interrupted the genius, shooting across the floor a roll big enough for a ten-cylinder Hoe press, and dilating his eye along his heaving bosom. "This play will be the town by storm, revolutionize the stage, and put Shakespeare, Moliere, Hoyt, Brodie and all the other big guns of the ages to blush, sir."

The manager sighed wearily. "How many acts?"

"Six, sir."

"Six? Why, you blooming idiot, Shakespeare himself only used five at most!"

"That's why I go, Shakespeare and all the rest of the back numbers one better."

"Ah!" was the sarcastic retort. "What are the features?"

"No end of them, sir. In the very first act, to save all shedding of tears over the matter, the blooded dook marries the helress in Grace Church style."

"Well," said the manager, "there's something in that."

"Cort. There's twenty millions in it—for the dook. Besides that, of course the swagger set will be tumbling over on another ten deep to the ceremony, as they always do, and that makes sure for the boxes. Well, in the same act there's a genuine prize-fight. That will fill the galleries. Now, with the boxes and galleries filled, we begin on the second act, which includes a fire, two elopements, two thrilling hospital scenes, a dissecting-room duel, a come-to-life-in-the-morgue and other features of a similar nature, all of which will capture the morbid. That's good for a balcony. Then follows the Hadrianesque banquet in which the audience participates without extra charge for drinks. That will catch the tanks."

"Well, go on. House isn't half filled yet."

"Then the third act opens with a trip to Paris, all expenses paid, and a night of it 'with the boys' through the sights of the wicked city, which will recruit the phalanx of the bald-headed row to a man. The other two acts will be miscellaneous in order to catch allers-in enough to pad the house, including dives off Brooklyn Bridge, trips to Nansen land, a battle with the dervishes on the Soudan frontier, a horse race in which every one gets the straight tip and wins back his entrance money, and a bachelor raffle in which every old maid gets a husband."

"That sounds rather pleasing. And now the sixth act?"

"That, sir, is the most charming of the whole play. You will be overwhelmed with delight."

"Indeed! Where is it supposed to take place?"

"It will take place at Jimmy's immediately after the fifth act."

"And what are the title roles?"

"The manager, author and the angel. In other words, yourself, myself and the backer of the play, with his lights and slow music accompaniments."

"Ah!" The listener grew interested. "What does the author do?"

"He drowns his sorrows in the flowing bowl."

"And the manager?"

"Figures—nothing but figures for one hour."

"And the backer?"

"He makes up the deficit."

The millionaire arose with stately grace, placing his hand tenderly upon the genius's shoulder. "You have written your masterpiece," he said gratefully, "you have found your angel and only await your manager. Is that it?"

"That is it, sir. I have them all but the manager."

"Then, sir," responded the manager, "beck to further. You have found him right here. I would only suggest that for the benefit of all concerned, you change the play around so that the sixth act comes first."

"Ah—well, sir," said the dramatist, "I would be compelled to commit the backer as to that."

"Go and bring him here instantly, sir."

"With pleasure, sir; but—them—neo-selt compels me to confess, sir, that I am backer for the car fare."

"Nothing easier," said the manager, producing some change.

But the genius recoiled. "I apurn to receive money from your hands, sir. Give me an order on your cashier."

"Very well, sir," said the millionaire, and he wrote on a slip: "Please give the bearer the necessary car fare to go and bring his backer immediately. And signing it, handed it to the genius. "There you are, sir."

"Thank you, sir," and the genius disappeared toward the treasurer's room, where his wants were satisfied.

Why He Lied.

"I wish to say, Mrs. Slimdlet," said the new boarder, during a lull in the conversation, "that your coffee couldn't be surprised."



would tickle an epicure's palate."

A tremor passed over the frame of Mrs. Slimdlet, but she was tough, and stood the shock nobly.

The student who sat opposite involuntarily lifted his cup to his eyes to see if some wonderful alchemy had transformed the sloppy beverage, but after a sip he shuddered and put it down—on the outside.

The new boarder did not seem to notice the sensation that his mendacity had created, but wielding a strong hand he cut a piece of steak, and as he stuck his fork into the arid section he continued: "And your steak is as juicy as an orange, as tender as a Puritan's conscience, and its taste is unimpeachable." And he bowed politely to the landlady, who actually blushed—she chose cheek was a symbol of sounding brass.

All looked to see him drop dead, but his powerful jaws ground the steak to digestible fragments, and as he calmly spread some butter on a slice of bread he said: "Madam, this butter calls before my vision fawn-colored Jerseys knee deep in meadow grass; then, biting some: 'Its flavor is as sweet as new mown hay.' The butter looked as if it would resent the imputation, and it was certainly strong enough, while the boarders nervously edged away from this modern Munchausen, who went on eating calmly.

Mrs. Slimdlet, who never had received a word of praise for her villainous edibles except from the star boarder, who had an axe to grind, was speechless.

Not so the new comer, however. In a very chipper manner he turned to the sport who sat next him and said:

"I saw in the paper to-day the death of Gilbert Hicks, the oldest Adirondack guide. The first day I went fishing with him I caught forty-five three-pound brook trout in forty-four minutes. Not bad for a start, eh?"

And then they understood why he lied so readily. He was an amateur fisherman.

He Longs for Peace.

About this time the married man Begins his lucky star to bless (?). He's wondering if perchance he can Escape to some vast wilderness. Where Christmas ivy does not grow, Where holly berries ne'er are seen, Where Christmas trees and mistletoe Are not among its verdant green.

He's longing wearily to fly To some benighted, heathen land, To rest his tired brain and eye On plain, undecorated sand, Where lambskins are all unknown, Where sofa pillows don't exist, Where slippers worked in red and green Are not upon the Christmas list.

And more than this, his spirit yearns For some rude haunt—some cave of stone Where every living creature spurns His presence, and leaves him alone; Some clime where dry goods stores are not, Where relatives ne'er come to stay— In fact, he yearns for some safe spot Where he can stay till New Year's Day.

Handy About the House.

LUCIE—How could you bring yourself to marry such a useless piece of furniture as a French count?

MARIE—Well, you see, when poor papa comes home from Wall Street tired and irritable, he likes to have something easy to sit on.

Explained.

MARGERY—I wonder what makes that young swell so awfully puffed up?

NIMS—Can't imagine, unless he uses a bicycle pump on his golf bag.

THOSE FRENCH VERBS.



"Dear me, Jack, I'm stuck on the verb to kiss. Can't you help me?"

Well, let's put our heads together—we'll get there in no time."